

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Messen. Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland,
The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in armes,
With troupes of Irish Kernes, that vncontrolde
Doth plant themselues within the English pale.
And burnes and spoiles the Country as they go.

Qu. What redresse shall we haue for this, My Lords?

Yorke. 'Twere good that my Lord of *Somer* set
That fortunate Champion were sent ouer,
To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,
He did so much good when he was in France.

Somer. Had *Yorke* bene there with all his farre fetcht
Pollicies, he might haue lost as much as I.

Yorke. I, for *Yorke* would haue lost his life, before
That France should haue reuolted from Englands rule.

Somer. I so thou mightst, and yet haue gouern'd worse then I.

Yorke. What, worse then naught? then a shame take all,

Somer. Shame on thy selfe, that wisheth shame.

Queen. *Somer* set forbearé, good *Yorke* be patient,
And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,
With troopes of armed men, to quell the pride
Of those ambitious Irish that rebell.

Yorke. Well Madame, sith your Grace is so content,
Let me haue some bandes of chosen soldiers,
And *Yorke* shall trie his fortunes 'gainst those Kernes.

Queen. *Yorke* thou shalt. My Lord of *Buckingham*,
Let it be thy charge to muster vp such soldiers
As shall suffice him in these needfull warres.

Buck. Madame I will, and leuie such a band
As soone shall overcome those Irish Rebels.
But *Yorke*, where shall those Soldiours stay for thee?

Yorke. At Bristow, I'll expect them ten daies hence.

Buck. Then thither shall they come, and so farwell.

Exit Buck.

Yorke. Adieu my Lord of *Buckingham*.

Queen. *Suffolke*, remember what you haue to do.
And you Lord Cardinall, concerning Duke *Humfrey*.
'Twere good that you did see to it in time,

Yorke and Lancaster.

Come let vs go, that it may be perform'd

Exit on

Yorke. Now *Yorke* bethinke thy selfe,
Take time whilst it is offered thee so fauourable
Least when thou wouldst, thou canst it not
'Twas men I lackt, and now they giue thee
And now whilst I am busie in Ireland,
I haue seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman
John Cade of *Ashford*,

Vnder the title of *John Mortimer*,
(For he is like him euery kinde of way)
To raise commotion, and by that means
I shall perceiue how the common people
Do affect the claime and house of *Yorke*.
Then if he haue successe in his affaires,
From Ireland then comes *Yorke* againe
To reape the haruest which that coystrin
Now if he should be taken and condemn'd
Hee'l nere confesse that I did set him on
And therefore ere I go I'll send him word
To put in practise and to gather head,
That so soone as I am gone he may begin
To rise in armes with troopes of countrymen
To helpe him to performe this enterprize
And then Duke *Humfrey*, he well made
None then can stop the light to Englands
But *Yorke* can tame, and headlong pul

Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke *Humfrey*
bed, and two men lying on his brest, and
And then enter the Duke of *Suffolke* to
Suff. How now sirs, what haue you done?
One. I my Lord, hee's dead I warrant
Suff. Then see the cloathes laid smooth
That when the King comes, he may perceiue
No other, but that he dide of his own

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